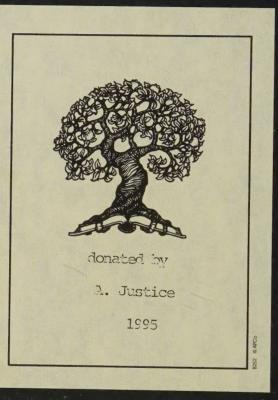
IN MEMORIAM.



REV. JAMES ROWLAND HUGHES.



The children of Rev. James Rowland Hughes wish to announce that this memorial is the work and gift of Rev. Dr. Oscar A. Hills, the dearly beloved cousin of their father.

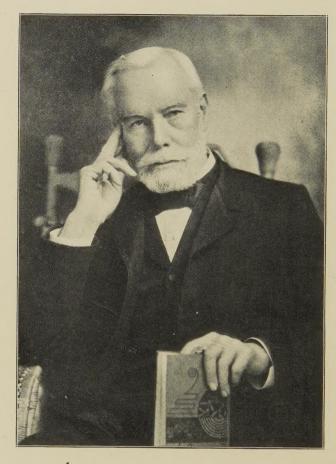
Greene Co.Room 929.2 Hughes

In memoriam, Rev. James Rowland Hughes, Dayton, Ohio, 1819-1903 ABU-6175

GREENE COUNTY HOURS
GREENE COUNTY HORSON
76 STOST MARKET STREET
ACKIA OLLOR







Affectionatet, J. R. Hryhes.

In Memoriam

*

Rev. James Rowland Hughes

DAYTON, OHIO

*

1819-1903

Note:—For all statements of facts on the following pages, aside from those in the purview of his own recollections, the writer is indebted to the following, viz.—

- 1. The Family Memoranda. See the Appendix, No. III.
- 2. The Genealogical Tree. Prepared by the Rev. Clarence E. Hills, under the supervision of the Rev. James R. Hughes.
- 3. The Life of Macurdy, by the Rev. Dr. David Elliott, with Biographical Notes, in an Appendix.
- 4. The General Catalogue of the Western Theological Seminary.
 - 5. Robinson's Presbyterian Ministerial Directory.
- 6. The Golden Wedding of Darwin T. and Sarah A. Hills, in a Biographical Note.

A SKETCH

OF

THE LIFE, MINISTRY AND OBSEQUIES

OF

Rev. James Rowland Hughes.

The lineage of the Hughes Family, to which the subject of this Memorial belonged, has been traced as far back as the last quarter of the seventeenth century, and to its first appearance on American soil. The first name in the line which has survived the flood of years is that of William Hughes, "who came from Wales when a child." The family seems to have settled in York County, Pennsylvania, where this William is said to have died near* the beginning of the Revolutionary War, at the advanced age of one hundred years.

His son Rowland, born in 1723, died on the 4th of January, 1779, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was long a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church—

^{*} The "Genealogical Tree" errs in saying he died in 1723. The "Family Memoranda" says he died a few years before his son Rowland; hence the statement of the text.

a very godly man,* "kind and affectionate to his children, of a grave countenance, subject at times to melancholy affections." "He spent much time in secret devotion." He was twice married, and had nine children—seven sons and two daughters; two sons and one daughter by his first wife, and five sons and one daughter by his second wife, whose name was Elizabeth Smiley, and of whom it is known only that she came from Scotland, where her father, Robert S., was a ruling elder.

The sixth son in the family,—the fourth by the second wife,— was Thomas Edgar, the father of the subject of this Memorial. He was born in York County, Pa., on the 7th of April, 1769. When he was eleven years old the family moved, in the year 1780, across the mountains, and settled in what is now Washington County, Pa., at a place equi-distant from Chartiers and Upper Buffalo. After a remarkable religious experience, the details of which are given in the "Narrative" from his own hand, and found in the Appendix,† he was converted to God on the 16th day of July, 1787. Ten years later he was graduated from the College of New

^{*} These quoted sentences are from the "Family Memoranda." Since this sketch was written it has been thought advisable, for their preservation, to put the "Memoranda" and "Narrative" in an Appendix to this volume. See Nos. 1II. and IV.

[†] See No. IV.

Jersey at Princeton. He studied theology under Dr. McMillan, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Ohio on the 17th of October, 1798. The next year, August 27, 1799, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church, Beaver County, Pa.

A few months before, he had been "married to Mary Donehey, a pious young woman," by whom he had ten children, seven sons and three daughters. One can not help but wish that we might have been told more of the mother of such a remarkable group of children; and we wish it all the more because of our interest in her Benjamin, our own beloved, whose name adorns the title-page of this Memorial. Those Sabbath afternoon hillside and fence-corner prayers with and for her youngest son, to which he made such tender reference in one of his addresses to the students of the United Brethren Theological Seminary (see Dr. Funkhouser's address), show that the piety of her bridal days still shone in the life and conduct of the faithful Christian mother after more than twenty-five years.

Of these ten children, all grew to adult age, and to have families of their own, except one (Joseph), who died in his fifteenth year.

The ministry of Thomas Edgar Hughes was spent chiefly in Pennsylvania, the first thirty years of it in the Mt. Pleasant Church, where he had been ordained. He held indeed another short pastorate of three years at Wellsville, Ohio; but the infirmities of age soon led to

his retirement, and in a few years to his translation to a better service above. In both fields it was a faithful and fruitful ministry. But it may be questioned whether he did not accomplish a larger service for the kingdom of Christ through his beloved sons and daughters.* Four of those sons became ministers of the Gospel, one other was a ruling elder, and of the daughters, one married a minister, and another a ruling elder. "He died in the faith and precious consolations of the Gospel, May 2, 1838."

James Rowland Hughes, with whom we now have to do, of the fourth generation in the foregoing line of descent, was the youngest son of Thomas Edgar and Mary Donehey Hughes. He was born on the 17th of March, 1819, near Darlington, Pa. This was during the Mt. Pleasant ministry of his father. His early life was spent in the bounds of this congregation. Three years

^{*}Their names, which deserve a permanent record, were as follows: Rev. John D., Rev. William, Rev. Watson, Anna, Eliza, Joseph, Mary, Robert S., Thomas, and Rev. James R. John D. had one son enter the ministry. William's oldest son died in the closing months of his theological course; and three other sons and two grandsons of his became ministers. Anna married the Rev. Samuel A. McLean, and one of her sons entered the ministry. Eliza married a Mr. McGee, a godly elder. Mary married a Mr. Wells. Robert S., himself a faithful elder, had one son enter the ministry. On the "Genealogical Tree," already referred to, there are the names of twenty-three ministers of the gospel.

after his father's death he entered Washington (now Washington and Jefferson) College, and was graduated therefrom in the summer of 1845. He began his more direct preparation for the Gospel ministry in the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., in the autumn of the same year, and, after a full course of three years' study, was graduated in the spring of 1848. He had been licensed to preach the Gospel the year before by the Presbytery of Steubenville. After graduating from the Seminary, he spent parts of the years 1848 and 1849 in an agency for the Board of Colportage. In 1849 he was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Steubenville, and soon after, in the same year, was installed pastor of the Rehoboth Presbyterian Church, in the "Forks of the Yough.," in the bounds of the Presbytery of Redstone. He continued the pastor of this church for fifteen years. It was an exclusively rural congregation, and pastoral work among this people was exceedingly laborious; but the young minister gave to his new work the entire strength of his young manhood, and, preaching in different parts of the congregation, as well as in the central church edifice, he constantly showed himself most of all solicitous to "take heed to the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to fulfill it."

The decade of the fifties was ever memorable for two events in the life of the young pastor. The first was his happy marriage in 1851 to Miss Anne Caroline Stewart, of Colerain Forges, Huntingdon Co., Pa. She was a worthy helpmeet for him. They were soon in possession of a comfortable country home, near the old brick church, and in the midst of their people. Here came in sweet succession the little children, whose happiness was their parents' joy, and whose training in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord" was their unceasing care. Among the writer's sweetest memories of the years agone were the happy winter evenings with those children of the manse, closing, as they usually did, with a prayer and a song, as the loving mother touched the keys, and the pastor's voice rose with hers on the wings of melody. The young theologue went back to his studies, with high resolves that some time and some where another home should emulate the bliss of the old manse at Rehoboth.

The other event of those otherwise uneventful years was the Day of Revival. The Spirit of Grace was sweeping over the land in great and wonderful visitations, preparing His people for the times of sore and bitter sorrow, which the next decade was to bring upon the whole country. Not much remains, however, to be told of those gracious days. Unusually large and solemn congregations marked the assemblies of the saints. And the unusually large additions to their numbers, which we discover in those memorable years of 1857 and 1858, tell the story of the Day of Grace.

Alas! that it had to be so soon followed by the Day

of Wrath,— the storm of fire and blood. During nearly all the years of the Civil War the faithful pastor continued diligently prosecuting his self-denying work. His young men were gone to the war, many of them to return no more. As with most of the churches of the land during that trying period, it was a time of leanness and barrenness in Old Rehoboth. The attention of the people was absorbed in the Great Conflict, and, as a consequence, "iniquity abounding and the love of many waxing cold," there were comparatively few additions to the church on profession.

It was just at this time that the voice of God's providence seemed to be calling His servant away from his country home and first charge. The pillar cloud pointed the way of the village of Blairsville, Pa., and to the place, just recently become vacant, of Principal of the Female Seminary. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were admirably fitted, in education, culture and refinement, for such a position; and many parents rejoiced that their daughters were to be under the moulding influences of two such ideal minds.

It was not, however, the will of Him "whose ways are not our ways," that they should long continue in this congenial work. The failure of Mrs. Hughes' health necessitated the surrender of this position, and of all regular work for a time, while, with loving assiduity, the burdened husband ministered to his suffering wife, and here and there sought the relief which could

not be found this side the grave. After a protracted period of suffering, she passed away in 1869, and the long and happy married life of eighteen years was ended. What that sweet and gifted wife and mother had been to him and to his house no pen can adequately portray, and the long third of a century, during which he survived her and walked and wrought alone, is an eloquent attestation of his sense of her loss.

The following year the bereaved husband gathered his little group of motherless children into a modest home in Dayton, O., where his Gracious Master had opened the way to what proved to be the great work of his ministry. He was himself just passed the so-called "dead line." He was entering upon a work which differed in many respects from his first pastoral charge. He was for years also greatly handicapped by the absence of that loving helpmeet of former years. Yet, with unfaltering faith and courage, he entered upon his work. The little church, of which he undertook the pastoral care, had but a few more than fifty members. It had been but recently organized, it being originally a Mission Sabbath-school started by a few Christ-loving members of the Third Street Presbyterian Church. In 1870 the walls of the present church edifice were going up, and in the course of time the congregation took possession of the basement story, which for a number of years was their church home. It was a time of straitness and poverty, and for many years the devoted pastor practically paid no small sum for the privilege of preaching the Gospel. Slowly but surely the church grew in numbers and strength, and in due time the main audience room of the church was finished and occupied.

In the spring and summer of 1887 Mr. Hughes made a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land. It had been the dream of his life to look some day upon cities and scenes of Bible Lands. He made diligent preparation for the journey. He saw and rejoiced in all that was to be seen. And great enrichment to his subsequent ministry came from his sympathetic binding together of the Land and the Story. After the longest vacation he had ever enjoyed, he returned to his quiet and fruitful ministry.

But of this quiet and fruitful ministry of twenty-eight years it is needless here to speak. Sufficient reference to its more conspicuous features will be found on succeeding pages. It is enough to say, in this place, that, after more than a quarter of a century of loving service, he resigned his charge, and fifty years from the date of his licensure he was honorably retired. He spent the remaining years of his life among the people he loved, and then went home.

He died at his residence, 1914 East Third Street, Dayton, O., on the morning of January 16, 1903, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

From that loving home on East Third Street, during these many years, we may lift the veil for a para-

graph touching his pre-eminent place as its head and priest at its altar. That home, with him as its center, was a strong factor in his success as a pastor. There the people were always welcome, and there as host he was very lovely, as they always felt on crossing its threshold.

But what can be said of him as a father in that home? There are no words to adequately describe him in this relation,—tender, loving, patient and steadfast in his devotion to his children one and all. The family altar, with him as priest, was the very shrine of a holy temple. His reading of the Scriptures was as one finding "great spoil," and his daily prayers were so simplehearted, never stereotyped, but always taking a special coloring from the conditions and needs of the day, while even his "thanks" at the table were manifestly born of the moment and welled up from a grateful heart. He was beautiful everywhere; but in the home he was more beautiful than anywhere else; no fault-finding and no selfishness, but love unbounded, and a confidence in his children which compelled them to come up to his expectations. And now that that home life, with its singular simplicity and beauty, is a thing of the past, it may well seem to those who shared its joy even for a brief season as the life nearest Heaven of anything they ever knew.

Nor would this reference to that home life be complete without mention of those sad yet glad occasions which marked the departure of two of the devoted daughters* to establish homes of their own. Thence also, a few years later, went forth the youngest child, and only son and namesake,† to build another Christian home. During the early years of the Dayton ministry a much loved cousin‡ presided over the motherless home. But as soon as she was old enough, the eldest daughter, with a noble devotion and rare self-sacrifice, assumed the duties of mistress of the house and minister's wife, and continued in this loving service till her marriage. Then, and for many years thereafter, and down to the end, that place was filled by the dear daughter§ who consecrated her life to the care of her father, and to a most efficient helpfulness in his ministry.

^{*} Miss Mary W. Hughes, the eldest daughter, was married to James Colwell, of Urbana, O., in 1878. They have four children — Caroline Ward, Helen, Donald, and Elizabeth Hughes.

Miss Sarah Hughes was married to Charles McKee, of Dayton, O., in 1889. Their home is in Dayton View. They have three children — Rowland Hughes, and the twins, Philip and Janet.

[†] James Rowland Hughes married Miss Eva Kenaga, of Urbana, O., in 1892; they and the Colwells are members of the Presbyterian Church of Urbana, O., of which their father's Uncle James was pastor from 1815 to 1818.

[‡] Miss Mary Pollock, of West Alexander, Washington County, Pa.

[§] Miss Elizabeth W. Hughes, Secretary of the Woman's Christian Association of Dayton, O.

Such, in barest outline, was the life of this faithful Christian pastor. His long years of indefatigable service in a country charge, and his still longer and harder service in a city mission, which, through God's blessing, he raised to the sisterhood of self-supporting churches, attest the versatility of his talents, while the solid character of his work is apparent in the strong foundations he laid both there and here. It was not given him to reap largely in the harvest field, compared with many of his brethren; but his sheaves were of the finest of the wheat. And his ministry in the edifying of the saints was ever and specially helpful and uplifting. Happy the man who is permitted to round out a half-century in "bringing good tidings to Zion."

"Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ:

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master's joy!

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ:
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

The funeral of the Rev. James Rowland Hughes took place from the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Dayton, O., on Monday afternoon, January 19, 1903. It was a memorable occasion. The main audience room was crowded to the door with an interested and tearful congregation. The city ministers of all denominations, and a large part of the Presbytery of Dayton, were present to mingle their sorrows with those of the bereaved people. One of the sons of the church presided at the organ; the songs were solos exquisite in sentiment and rendering, and the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Charles Herron, of Troy, O., was specially appropriate and comforting.

Tributes to the memory of the departed, not less graceful than truthful, were spoken by the gifted pastor of the Memorial Church, the Rev. F. N. McMillin, Mr. Hughes' successor,—by the Rev. Dr. M. E. Wilson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Dayton, speaking for the ministers of the city,—by the Rev. Dr. George A. Funkhouser, President of the United Brethren Theological Seminary, speaking for that "School of the Prophets,"—and by the Rev. Dr. J. K. Gibson, pastor of the South Charleston Presby-

terian Church, and Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Dayton, speaking for the venerable body, of which Mr. Hughes had been so long an honored and useful member. The more formal address, by request of the children, was given by the Rev. Dr. O. A. Hills, pastor of the Westminster (University) Presbyterian Church, Wooster, O., a cousin and forty-year-long friend of the deceased.

The beautiful and fitting tribute of the Rev. Dr. Wilson was entirely extemporaneous in delivery, and has gone now beyond the power of recall. Its loss is to be greatly regretted. The other remarks are herewith subjoined.

ADDRESS

OF

REV. F. N. McMILLIN

The Rev. F. N. McMillin spoke as follows:

"Could the loving gratitude of the many who have been helped by the words, the sympathy, the life of the one who has fallen asleep, but voice itself to-day, we should listen to a tribute such as is paid to few men when they pass beyond. Living and dead, here and elsewhere, of all church connections and of no church connections, the lives that his life made better, truer, more like the Master's, are beyond our numbering. As we have gone here and there in the labor of the ministry, we have met in every walk and station in life those who knew him and knew him but to love him. and who spoke of him and spoke only to bless him. The congregation of this church will in the future, as it has in the past, and as it is doing in the present, manifest by action, deed and word, the debt it owes to a stalwart personality, a spiritual giant, who gave the best years of his life to this people, to its temporal, moral and spiritual welfare. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. Should there be one

here who desires to know what a life can be, and mean, and accomplish, let him look upon the record of this life, and upon this people rooted and grounded in the faith, and upon the uplifting influence on this community of a noble character quietly lived before men for a third of a century. Let this be the message of the hour to many here,— It pays to live godly in Christ Jesus. The preaching of twenty-eight years, Scriptural and sound, laid broad and deep foundations, upon which all the future life of this church shall rest, even the 'foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.'

"The message of a faithful minister of Christ to all ministers, who are to follow him in the pastorate of this church, is one of fidelity to the truth as it is revealed in the Word of God. He knew God, and God knew him, and used him to the glory of His name. His life was a channel; and through it grace flowed to the world.

"We can not but speak a word of personal testimony and appreciation. Coming to this work young, inexperienced, having many things to learn, he was to us what Paul was to Timothy, a father in the faith. We have loved him from the beginning, because his kindness, his loyalty, his beautiful fraternal spirit compelled love. The presence of the old pastor in the congregation has been never a problem, always a benediction. Our relations have been ideal. He asked us

to call him, not Father, but Brother, Hughes; and his request revealed the beauty of his spirit. His thoughts were ever of the interests of the kingdom, and his inquiries were never of minor things, but of how went the battle of the King. Oh, that every life here might become as consecrated to the service of our Lord as his life was!

"The hearts of you who were nearest to him are sore stricken to-day. Nature must have its way. But you have so little for which to weep,—so much in which to rejoice. The God of all comfort, your father's God, will comfort you, as many a time He comforted him. And to all of us his memory will be an inspiration; and it will lead us to higher ideals, better service, truer lives."

ADDRESS

OF

REV. DR. FUNKHOUSER.

After the beautiful tribute of Dr. Wilson, which can not now be reproduced, the Rev. Dr. Funkhouser spoke as follows:

"I have known Mr. Hughes for more than thirty-two years. He came to Dayton in 1869 and I in 1871. Early acquaintance soon ripened into strong friendship, which grew stronger as the years passed. I honored him as a man, revered him as a minister, admired his efficiency as a pastor, and loved him as a personal friend.

"At his solicitation I frequently preached for his people; and when arranging to go to the Holy Land he asked me to take the oversight of his flock, and as I consented, he said, 'It takes away the only remaining anxiety I have in being absent for three or four months.'

"He always manifested a deep interest in our Theological Seminary, and a number of times gave very helpful, carefully prepared addresses to the young men; and I take pleasure in testifying that—

His influence on young men looking toward the ministry was most salutary and potent.

"First, because not only he recognized that the hand of the Lord was upon him for the great work of the ministry, as it had been upon his father and three brothers, but others realized it clearly, unmistakably. No young man, nor any man, could hear or see him, or be in his presence, without recognizing the minister in the man, appointed by nature and qualified by grace for that one work.

"Secondly, because he gave himself wholly to that one work. It was enough to occupy his whole self and his whole time. I remember his saying in an address to the students, 'Anything in order to the ministry, but not the ministry and anything else.' For him as for Paul, 'This one thing I do,' and for David, 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after,—that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.'

"Thirdly, because of his helpful words to young ministers. Three of the addresses he made stand out clearly to my mind to-day. One, more than twenty-seven years ago, was on the text, 'As the living Father hath sent me, and I live because of the Father: so he that eateth me, he also shall live because of me." Another on the 'Relations of the Pastor to the Home'

— the importance of home-training — in which he dwelt largely on the influence of his own home upon his life, and his entrance upon the ministry. He referred with deference to his venerated father, but with special tenderness to his mother's prayers on the hill-side in a fence-corner Sabbath afternoons.

"Another lecture, afterwards printed, was on the subject, 'Thorough Convictions of Truth'— 1. because such convictions are rare,— 2. because of their highest advantage in promoting our happiness and usefulness, giving many pertinent illustrations. And this large, deeply impressed audience bears testimony to these words in that lecture,— 'How noble the life well spent in uplifting a race! The memory of the benefactor shall be held in long remembrance.'

"Finally, because of what he was in the ministry. His own example as a man, minister, pastor, friend, confidant, puts high honor upon the calling, strongly commending it and encouraging others in it. Often one hears a professional man say, 'Do not let your son enter my profession.' Never did one hear anything like that from Mr. Hughes in regard to the ministry. With thorough conviction of his mission in the world and for the world,—the highest known to man and to God,—and with the whole of his noble personality given up to that, without any doubt or distraction, for more than half a century,—this speaks more than any words his estimate of the Christian ministry.

"Preaching to him was an art and an incarnation. He lived the truth first; then asked others to live it. Like Spurgeon, truth was scarcely truth to him until it had passed through the crucible of his own experience; and with Phillips Brooks he believed it was not the truth alone, but the truth through an illuminated inspiring personality.

"He sought earnestly the best gifts, and strove heroically, yet humbly, for the triple crown,—the one man puts upon himself—and this people have crowned him the prince of pastors, and to-day he wears the crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge has given him.

"As a people, who so long had his helpful ministrations, and tender solicitude as pastor and friend, you may not remember his sermons, though he was easy to follow, nor his sentences, nor his texts; but you can never forget what hè was in the pulpit, in your homes, on your streets. Years ago I overheard a niece say of him: 'It always seems to me that Uncle Hughes has been to Heaven and back again since I saw him last.'

"He was an epistle, a living epistle, known and read, and easy to read, no matter whether you read from left to right, as we usually do, or from right to left, as in Hebrew, or from the top down, or from the bottom of the page up,—the meaning was the same,—a man of God, doing God's work, in God's way, and for God's glory."

ADDRESS

OF

REV. DR J. K. GIBSON.

The Rev. Dr. J. K. Gibson spoke as follows:

"Nearly twenty-three years ago a kind providence directed my feet to the Presbytery of Dayton. On my way hither I met an acquaintance, an elderly minister engaged in a form of church work which took him about to different parts of the country, and greatly widened his acquaintance with ministers and churches and people. Knowing of my plans, he said to me: 'Do you want me to tell you who is the best man in the Presbytery of Dayton?' Of course I told him I did, knowing that it would only be his opinion, but at the same time knowing that it would be an opinion worth remembering. He answered: 'James R. Hughes, of the Memorial Church, Dayton.' Thus was it that I came expecting to find much in the character of the brother about whose casket we now gather; and I was not disappointed. More than this, his character grew upon me to the very last, and for my good I felt unceasingly its influence down to the very last time I met him, now some four weeks ago. I almost forget that I am to speak of him as a presbyter, so great was my personal attachment and veneration. But as a member of Presbytery he in an unusually large measure was ideal.

"First — Mr. Hughes had a deep experience of the things of God. Christ had apprehended him, and he sought to live up to his high calling. His presence was a benediction. There was sublimity of character in him. His erect and noble body was the dwelling-place of an erect and noble soul. His presence was enough.

"A few years ago, this, the city of his adoption, was holding a business carnival of some kind in its streets, displaying its various industries. The crowds were looking on in wonder. He, too, found pleasure in the sight; and yet, turning to a friend, he said: 'These things seem small to one who has looked upon the pyramids of Egypt.' In the higher realm he had seen the Lord, and with him the things of the world were small in comparison.

"Secondly — Mr. Hughes was a thorough Presbyterian, not indeed in any sectarian sense, but in that way which is compatible with a broad catholic spirit. He was not only brought up in our body, but he loved it from the heart. Its doctrines, its traditions, its government, its order of worship, and above all, its spirit, had taken possession of him. Upon all these matters his mind was 'as clear as a bell.' He never gave out an untrue note, he never felt a disloyal feeling, he never knew the weakening influence of doubt. He was at

home in the Presbyterian Church, and it is to be questioned if she ever had a more loyal son. He had in him by generation, by nature and by grace, the elements of a good presbyter.

"Thirdly — Mr. Hughes was endowed in unusual measure with that great gift of God, 'Common Sense,' which in him was coupled with that 'wisdom' which comes from above. He seldom made mistakes; we never heard him say a word of which his friends were ashamed; seldom, if ever, anything which needed explanation. His mental and spiritual discernment was very marked. Once, at a meeting of Presbytery, he was entertained in a delightful home, where the brightest prospects seemed to dwell; but he said to a brother who shared the hospitality of that home. 'I tremble for this house; the breakers of worldliness are ahead;' and his words are remembered as prophetic. He knew men because he first knew himself and God.

"His fellowship was delightful—the fragrance of his memory will long survive. In olden time the prophets were called 'seers,' because they had the gift of spiritual vision; and 'men of God,' because they walked with Him, and were ready to speak His message and do His work. Our brother deserved the double epithet, and better yet, like Abraham, could be called the 'friend of God.' The friends of his ministry, i. e., those with whom age most associated him twenty years ago, are gone: Adam B. Gilliland, John L. Bellville, Elijah

Kuhns, James Dunlap, Lorenzo L. Langstroth, Robert D. Morris, Franklin Berryhill, Samuel Findley, Ebenezer Henry, Elias Howell, William W. Colmery and James S. Kemper,—these await him at the right hand of the Throne. Now that his work is done, it is fitting that he should join them.

"As we gather about his vacant place, and remember all that he has been and done in our midst, I am sure that one and all apply to Mr. Hughes the words of Elisha at the taking of his master Elijah: 'My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!' And when we separate to our homes, let it be with the prayer that 'a double portion of his spirit' may be upon us."

ADDRESS

OF

REV. DR. O. A. HILLS.

Following these brief tributes of love came the main funeral address by Dr. Hills, who said:

"Were it right for me to consult my personal preference, I should be sitting with these mourning children rather than standing here to address you; for to me, as in larger measure to them, this translation comes as a profound personal sorrow.

"Forty-three years ago this month I stood in the pulpit of this dear friend, an unlicensed theologue, to preach my first sermon. We had but recently discovered our kinship, and were equally proud of our lineage and descent from that 'family of the house of Levi' whose name he bore, which in three generations has given more than a score of faithful men to the blessed work of the Gospel ministry. During all the years that have faded away since that memorable winter, it has been an unfailing joy to me to have found in such a kinsman a friend so true and tender, a counselor so judicious and faithful, and a fellow-worker of so much

practical sagacity and wisdom. This is not the place, nor am I the one, to pronounce his eulogy. I am sure that if he could have had the ordering of these obsequies, he would have said: It were a matter of little consequence what you say of me and my work; but it is of vast moment that you say much of my Lord and Master, whose grace has made me what I am, and has helped me to do what I have done.

"No words of Scripture more fittingly characterize the dear one gone than Luke's epitome of the character and mission of Barnabas: 'He was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord' (Acts xi. 24).

"We think of Barnabas, in comparison with his more prominent and versatile companion, the Apostle Paul, as framed in largest mould, and of most substantial character,—gifted with great-mindedness in an unusual measure. So I think of our departed friend. His best friends, I think, will not claim that he was in any way a brilliant preacher.

"Substantial, rather than showy, would more fittingly characterize his public ministrations. It was not that he was destitute of the essential elements of powerful oratory. His manly form — and none more kingly ever stood behind the sacred desk — in the glow and excitement of public speech became oftentimes the embodiment of a majestic and charming grace. He did not cultivate the flowers of rhetoric, not because it was not

in him, but because his preaching was always on a high plane and dealt with fundamental truths that needed little help from rhetorical adornments. Yet I have heard him at times, when he was so possessed by the message he was charged to deliver, that his language was characterized by a felicity of diction and beauty of expression which left nothing to be desired. I just now recall some of the opening paragraphs of a lecture on his travels in Palestine, which were charming to an exquisite degree, yet seemed to spring most naturally from a mind and heart deeply embued with the spirit of his theme. But he never sought distinction by the graces of oratory; and his ministry, like that of Barnabas, is best summarized by his character rather than by his gifts: 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Spirit and of faith.'

"He was also — and this we must say, to the praise of his Divine Lord — a great lover of the Word. Devout and unquestioning acceptance of the Holy Scriptures as the very Word of God was characteristic of him. He was not ignorant of the problems of criticism, so-called; but they were no problems to him, and he never brought the discussion of them into the sacred desk. He had an unwavering faith in the power and triumph of the truth. He was sure the preached Word would be as seed, and sooner or later would germinate and bring forth an abundant harvest. His favorite theme of meditation and prayer was the advancement of the Kingdom

of Christ. His highest ambition in the pulpit was to make clear the meaning of God's Word. I think I never received a visit from him during my Cincinnati ministry when he was not in search of some book which would throw some light on this or that portion of the Inspired Volume. And he measured the value of any exposition of truth to the people of his charge by its edifying power over his own heart. A soldier of the cross, he ever recognized the value of the sword of the Spirit, and whatever would increase its might, and make it sharper in the hearts of the King's enemies, engaged his earnest and devout attention.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ made our beloved also a great lover of his people. One of my earliest memories of him gather around his pastoral visits. On his faithful old horse, bearing, from a previous owner, and for some fantastic reason, the name of the last Emperor of Brazil, and therefore known as Dom Pedro, he would go forth, braving the winter's cold and the mud of Westmoreland roads, that he might minister of the Gospel in the rural homes of his people, in their season of comparative leisure.

"When he came to his work in this city, his pastoral work was still prosecuted with unfailing diligence; only the form and method of it were modified and changed. Into what home has he not come with blessing? What sorrowing heart or household has he not comforted? How he delighted to sit in the circle of his Sabbath-

school teachers, not so much to teach them, as to be, and to be regarded as, a fellow-learner with them of the Truth Divine! How often have you seen the silken gray of his old head in the midst of your Christian Endeavor meeting? His presence was never a damper upon the spontaneity of his young people in their services. They knew he was there not to criticise but help them. And they loved to have him with them. Indeed, their attachment to him, as now we review this sweet fellowship of years, seems to me almost pathetic in its filial and devoted character. I wonder not that to-day the young men he baptized in their infancy are here to carry his precious remains to their sleeping place in the City of the Dead.

"It would be strange if so faithful a pastorate were not also a fruitful one. What that fruitfulness was it is possible for us to tell only in a limited degree. When the tidings reached me of the departure of our beloved, I took occasion to run over the annual reports of the churches he had served in the last fifty years. I found he had gathered into those churches nearly one thousand souls, considerably more than half of them on the profession of their faith,— a harvest this, which, considering the difficulties of the fields whereon he reaped, he had no reason to be ashamed of. No year of them all was barren, and some of them were years of the right hand of the Most High. I wish I might dwell upon this suggestive table; but the time fails, and it must suffice

to mention that at least a half-dozen years were marked by ingatherings of from twelve to twenty-five per cent. of the membership of the churches. He came to this church when it had a membership of 66, and left it with 327, and for a dozen years, from 1881 to 1894, the annual additions on profession of faith averaged more than ten per cent. of the membership. He was indeed a shepherd of the flock, and God gave him in all his relations to the people a rich and sweet reward.

"Once more, to the praise of Divine Grace, let me say our dear friend was a great lover of Jesus Christ. I think this was his distinguishing characteristic as a minister and a man. In those visits of which I have spoken, when seeking light on the Word, he was equally earnest in seeking helps to personal religion. I cannot recall a conversation during all these years—and we had many of them - when, no matter where it started, or what it was about, it did not end at the Cross and the heartlife in its relation to the Lord Jesus. My impression is that his visit to Palestine, which, as you all know, he so greatly enjoyed, was such an event to him, not because of the land and the sky, its mountains and its streams, but because it was where his Saviour had been. And that peculiar elevation of soul, which came to him in Nazareth, and on Olivet, and on Calvary, arose from the conviction that there he was brought nearest to Christ, and was permitted to walk in His very footsteps.

"But I must hasten to the end. Need I dwell upon

these closing days? Enough to say, he was much of the time engaged in preaching, praying and pronouncing the benediction among you. And even in his delirium his sermons were as logical, and his prayers were as appropriate, as any you ever heard from his lips. Once only, when entirely rational, after a paroxysm of suffering, he said: 'Oh that I could preach one more sermon; I think I could make it plainer.' 'Well, if you could preach again, what text would you take?' 'I would take this one, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is!"' And so he 'fell on sleep.'

"Say you this is the end? Nay! rather is it not just the beginning! Is this what men call death? No! It is the Coronation! 'Then came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud made even the heavens to echo with their sound. . . . They compassed them around on every side, . . . continually sounding as they went with melodious noise in notes on high, so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. . . . Here also they had the city itself in view; and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. . . . Thus they came up to the gate. . . . Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men. I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; and the streets also were paved with gold; and

in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. . . . And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.'"— [Pilgrim's Progress.]

The services at the church were closed with a tender benediction by the Rev. Dr. H. F. Colby. The precious remains were then borne to the street by the young men whom he had baptized in infancy, and thence, accompanied by mourning friends, honorary pall-bearers and ministerial brethren of the Presbytery, were taken to their resting-place beside the long-gone wife and child on a beautiful slope of Woodland Cemetery. Near the setting of the sun of a fair winter day they were handed gently down to their bed of green and bloom, to await the day of glorious resurrection!

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."



	APPENDIX.	
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I.

The author of the following letter is the Rev. E. W. Work, D.D., now pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, Cal., but for more than seven years pastor of the Third Street Presbyterian Church of Dayton. It is especially prized because it presents in Dr. Work's tender words the estimate in which Mr. Hughes was held by those who knew him best outside of his own family, and by his ministerial brethren of Dayton:

BERKELEY, CAL., Feb. 12, 1903.

My Dear Miss Hughes:

We are not too far away to feel the grief of Dayton, and the grief of your own family, in the translation of your dear, sainted father. I can not write *death* of him. Surely it was more like *translation*, for no one whom I have known seemed to me so certainly to walk with God.

It is natural to write you in terms of condolence, for I know how keen must be your grief, and how severe your loneliness. My pen runs rather, notwithstanding, to terms of congratulation. God has been very good in giving to you and to us all the picture of his servant grown old beautifully, stepping heavenward quietly,

majestically, and now at length caught up sublimely into the arms of that Love which he has so sweetly taught.

I know that your heart must be every moment in tears; yet of all whom I have known in sorrow it seems to me that the children of your father have a wonderful reserve of comfort in grief. Surely it was "the Spirit of glory and of God that rested upon him." How beautiful he was—enwreathed in the Gospel!

I am sure that his departure from life, like his long life itself, must have been a strong lesson to Dayton. None who ever knew him can fail to feel that they were made a little better by contact with him. That is a ministry that will go on and on, as well as the ministry of teaching and consolation. I should greatly miss him in Dayton, if I were living there. It will be so with all the brethren. All of us in the ministry have been taught anew the sacredness of our office. Your father was always a precious example, as well as a strong stimulus, to all younger men in the ministry who knew him. Our gratitude for him is, therefore, a vital gratitude.

* * * * * * * *

May you find, both in your heart and your work, the enrichment of a sacred sorrow. His example, I know, must ever be like a gleam upon your pathway. May your "Father's God" bless you.

Yours as ever,

Edgar W. Work.

H.

Resolutions and Tributes from the Church and Congregation, and its Various Societies.

1. Of the Congregation on His Retirement from the Pastorate.

WHEREAS, Our pastor has so sincerely requested us to accept his resignation as pastor of our church; and

WHEREAS, His health is so impaired, and the infirmities of age make it so necessary for him to take more ease; and

WHEREAS, We are filled with sorrow at the step he has thought best to take; therefore,

Resolved, That we accept the resignation which severs our relations as pastor and people with feelings of heartfelt sadness.

Resolved, That we extend to him our sincere sympathy in his failing health and advancing years.

Resolved, That the twenty-eight years during which our pastor has been with us have been years of blessing.

inasmuch as we have been built up in Christian faith and fellowship, as well as in numbers, and that so much harmony has existed among us.

Resolved, That for his ministering to the spiritual needs of the church and community, for the tender care of the sick, the faithful anxiety and solicitude for the dying that they should be ready to meet their God, for the faithful warnings given to those who knew not the Lord, as well as those who had grown lukewarm in their love, the members of this church, and the people of the community and city, owe him a debt of gratitude which they can never pay.

Resolved, That in parting with him as our pastor, our kindest wishes shall ever follow him; and we believe him to be one who can truthfully say, with the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

Resolved, That from the youngest Sabbath-school scholar to the oldest one; from the youngest member of our church to the oldest one, there is a strong cord of love binding them all to him.

Resolved, That we will intercede with our Heavenly Father for a return of his health; that he may be spared many days of rest and comfort and peace; and that in God's own good time He may give him a peaceful and glorious entrance upon his well-earned reward.

2. Of the Session Upon His Departure from Earth.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, has removed from us our former pastor and dearly beloved brother, the Rev. James R. Hughes, who for twenty-eight years went in and out before his people, breaking unto them the Bread of Life, and proclaiming unto them with fidelity and power the unsearchable riches of Christ, and whose daily walk was such as to reflect the character of the Christ, whom he served and whose he was; therefore,

Be it Resolved, That we, the Session of Memorial Church, feeling very deeply the loss that has come to us, and mourning his departure, do yet rejoice in the fact that for him to die was gain, and that we feel that "he being dead, yet speaketh."

Be it further resolved, That we tender to the mourning friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of affliction, and that we point them to the great Comforter, who said: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee," and our prayer tor them is that grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, may rest upon them and abide.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of the Session, and a copy of them be sent to the family of our dear brother.

3. Of the Hughes Missionary Society.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

When our church home was nothing but a chapel he made it a warm, loving place into which the weary, the sorrowing, the poor, the friendless, the stranger, loved to come. It cost him nothing to be kind, to reach out a cordial hand, to speak a few loving words; yet whole families have been won by just such simple courtesies in our church aisles.

He had a place in our confidence and our affections. He was a true pastor, faithful in preaching the Word, a physician of souls, and one who did much personal work. He was a close personal friend of every one in his entire congregation. We were invited to come to him freely for counsel and prayer in every matter that might concern our spiritual welfare. He was first at our bedside in sickness, and a daily visitor for months in succession in cases of severe illness.

If in trouble, he claimed the privilege of sharing it with us. He had a warm, ready sympathy and a brother's helping hand for each when any burden pressed or sorrow tried. He identified himself with rare Christian sympathy with the interests and sufferings of his people. He was among them always, and gave himself for them. He was a Christian who realized Christ daily.

and so believed His promise, and so loved Him that the passion of his life was to preach to others that promise of love.

In turn, he asked from us continual prayer, large patience, the firmest, truest friendship, a place in each home and heart, and ready co-operation in all the Master's work. He entreated us, one and all, to sink every personal consideration, and consecrate ourselves to a service for Christ and for souls that shall only cease when we are called home to our rest and reward. He was a noble example of what he sought to have his people be.

Of him it could be said:

"He spake of men
As one who found pure gold in each of them;
He spake of women as if he dreamed
About his mother; and he spake of God
As if he walked with Him and knew His heart."

Higher praise than this can not be given — he honored mankind, reverenced womanhood, and walked with God.

His heart was in missions, for which he always prayed, often preached, besides rendering aid in many ways. He was much interested in the young, especially in young men preparing for the ministry, and his touch is on many lives.

His rare spiritual gifts and his splendid intellectual attainments made him a man to be honored as pastor, to be proud of as friend—a man to be forever held in grateful remembrance by all who have known and loved him, and have felt his touch and helpful influence upon their lives.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

4. Of the King's Daughters' Circle.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-Wise Providence to remove from our midst our former beloved pastor and best friend;

WHEREAS, His life has always been an example to us of all that was high and noble;

Be it resolved, That we, the members of the King's Daughters' Circle of Memorial Presbyterian Church, extend our sympathy to the family; that we herewith testify to the inspiration his life has been to us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and be placed upon the minutes of the society.

JANE McMaster, Ruth Emmons, Anna Kelly.

5. Of the Officers and Teachers of the Sabbath-School.

The teachers of Memorial Sunday-school desire to testify to the inspiration given to us and the school by the life of our former pastor and fellow-teacher, Rev. James R. Hughes.

As a pastor, his desire for the welfare of the Sundayschool was made manifest by his love for the children, whom he always called "his own": by example and precept helping us to teach the children reverence for God's house and love for His Word: and, by his steadfast belief that the little ones are acceptable to Christ, helping us to early bring those under our care into the fold.

His life as a man was to us our highest inspiration.

"For through all this tract of years

He wore the white flower of a blameless life,

Before a thousand peering littlenesses."

We extend to his children, especially to his daughter, our co-worker, our heartfelt sympathies in this, their hour of deep trial, knowing that no words of ours can afford as much comfort as the memories of such a pure, unselfish, and noble character.

Officers and Teachers of Memorial Sunday-School.

6. Of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society.

The members of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Memorial Presbyterian Church desire to express their tenderest sympathy for the stricken family of our former beloved pastor,—particularly to the daughters, whose Christian fellowship and faithful work as members of our Society can not be overestimated. We commend them to the care and keeping of the great Shepherd, and in the words of their departed father, say to them: "May they still labor for and love the same God and Saviour, who has been their Counselor and Comfort in the past, and who promises still to be their Guide and Helper."

"It is pleasing for us to contemplate the even tenor of a long life, innocently and industriously passed in uniform tranquillity and perfect contentment."

We would not fail to mention the zeal and enthusiasm manifested in the cause of missions in the life and work of our pastor. We gladly bear testimony to his aid and sympathy extended to us in our work. As a missionary worker he endeavored to interest other hearts, both young and old, in the cause of Missions, and in doing so brought joy and a deeper interest into his own heart.

Alive to the truth that the hope and the work of the church lay in its youth, he held high the banner of the Anthropois Eudokia Society, rallying the young every month, that they might have thorough instruction in mission work. He also enkindled the fire of enthusiasm for missions in the hearts, and lives, and work of the members of our Society. We have a most beautiful and practical illustration of his sincere and successful efforts in the behalf of missions, when, by his convincing words, he led one to give her life and devote her talents to the work in the foreign field; one whom we now substantially support and cherish with Christian sympathy, whom we delight to honor as our missionary, viz.: Mrs. Jessie Dunlap Newton, of Jullundur, India.

Will not our hearts be quickened and our love broadened when in the future we receive messages from our own missionary, whose name hereafter we shall be proud to link with that of our former beloved pastor, James R.

Hughes?

Mrs. A. M. KITTREDGE, Mrs. Winslow Phelps, Mrs. E. B. Lyon,

Committee.

7. Of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Inasmuch as our beloved friend and former pastor, Rev. James R. Hughes, was a life member of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Memorial Presbyterian Church, we, the fellow members, desire to express our love for him and our gratitude for the inspiration he has been to us.

Before the organization of our Christian Endeavor Society he had endeavored to interest the young people of his flock in Christian work by the formation of a "Pastor's Aid Society." His chief desire in this was the growth of "his children," as he so often called us. He, therefore, joyously welcomed the idea of Christian Endeavor as affording for us a greater opportunity for the development of Christian character, and recognized it as a broader field of service for the Master. Ever solicitous for the best interests of the society, not only as a whole, but as a body composed of individual members, he left nothing undone which might, even though indirectly, increase its helpfulness.

In loving remembrance do we hold the days when he was wont to be with us, recognizing every effort, praising even the faltering ones, and making them feel that it was worth while to try again. When his heart was cheered by some evidence of interest on the part of any member he especially planned to speak an encouraging word, and he often assured the society of his eagerness to be of real service to it. Especially did he desire the members to become deep students of God's Word, and wished to help them in it.

In the later years, when he was unable to be present at the meetings, his thoughtfulness for us was made manifest by messages of love. His message at the last anniversary of the society was the embodiment of his wish for us and his interest in us. He said: "Tell them I owe a debt of personal and pastoral gratitude to the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which I can never pay except by the prayer that God's richest blessing may descend upon them that they may know Christ better each year. 'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.'"

For his words, his life, his interest, his inspiration, we are devoutly thankful.

We can not fully appreciate him, and no words can fully express the appreciation that we have of him, but a deeper realization of what he would have us be and a greater faithfulness in the service of his King would be the only tribute he would wish.

His blessed memory, as was his life, will be to us a constant benediction.

"A noble life is not a blaze
Of sudden glory won,
But just a summing up of years
In which good work is done."

III.

FAMILY MEMORANDA,

Furnished by the Rev. Thos. Edgar Hughes, Wellsville, Ohio, December 20th, 1833.

I am now upwards of sixty-four years old; and expecting, from my present low state of health, to be soon called from this world, I desire to leave, for the benefit of my children, some account of our family connections, and the exercises of my own mind.

My father, Rowland Hughes, died January 4th, 1779, aged fifty-six. His father, William Hughes, died a few years before him, at the advanced age of one hundred years. He came from Wales when a child. My father had three children by his first wife, viz.: John, William, and Betsey. John was killed by the Indians in what was called "Crawford's Defeat." He was a sober, pious man. William lived in Washington County, Penn., and died about two years ago, about seventy years old. He held the offices of Magistrate and Ruling Elder for many years. His widow and one son and one daughter yet live. Betsey was married to George McCullough, and lived in Mill Creek. Both dead some years ago.

My mother, Elizabeth, came from Scotland. Her father's name was Robert Smiley. He was a Ruling Elder in the Church of Scotland; I think in the city of Glasgow. My mother died at the house of her son Robert, in Brookfield, Trumbull County, Ohio, in February, 1815, aged eighty-six years. By her my father had six children, viz.: Robert, James, Samuel, Thomas Edgar, Isabella, and Smiley. Robert settled in Brookfield, Trumbull County, Ohio. Had three children—John, James, and Betsey. John and Betsey are yet living. James, a promising young man, was killed at a "raising." Robert held the office of Associate Judge in Trumbull County. He was also a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church a number of years. He died about seven years ago.

James was for many years a useful minister of the Gospel. He first settled at West Liberty; was a short time pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Urbana, Ohio. From that he removed to Oxford, Ohio, where he was Principal of the Literary Institution, which became Miami University. He died about ten years ago. His widow, a daughter of Rev. Joseph Smith, died about six months after. Their eldest son, Joseph, was a preacher, but is dead a number of years. Three sons and three daughters are yet living, and I believe are doing well. Their youngest son, Thomas Edgar, is a preacher.

My brother Samuel is living in Scioto. He has had two wives, and a number of children. While he lived in Delaware County, Ohio, he held the office of Magistrate and Associate Judge, and was also a Ruling Elder in the church.

My sister, Isabella Anderson, lives in Delaware County, Ohio; has had much affliction in her family. Her husband, a pious, sober man, long dead. She has some promising children. One of them, a candidate for the ministry, purposes to become a missionary.*

Brother Smiley preached the Gospel about eighteen months, and was gathered to his fathers. He was buried at West Liberty, Va.

On the 6th of May, 1799, I was married to Mary Donehey, a pious young woman. This I always considered one of the most happy occurrences of my life, and one of the greatest gifts of God to me, and one that I received more sensibly than any other in answer to prayer. She has ever since, and continues yet, to be the great comfort of my life. We have had ten children, seven sons and three daughters. One is not. Joseph died July 2d, 1825, when nearly fifteen years old.

It was my intention to write, for the benefit of my children, a detailed account of the exercise of my mind when young, how I obtained a hope of eternal life, my view in entering on the work of the ministry, trials, suc-

^{*}Two of her sons, James H. and David S.—my mother's brothers—became Presbyterian ministers. Their work was done in Northwestern Ohio, and in difficult Home Mission fields.—(O. A. H.)

cess, etc. But I have put off that matter too long. Unless I recover from my present illness, in some good degree, which is by no means likely, I shall not be able. I can only refer to what I have written of the early exercise of my mind, that it may be connected with this, and form some kind of narrative, and that each of my children should take a copy of it.

THOMAS E. HUGHES.

IV.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE

Of the Early Religious Exercises and Conversion of the Rev. Thomas Edgar Hughes.

I was born in York County, Penn., on the 7th of April, A.D. 1769. My father died when I was about ten years old, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was rather tall of stature, kind and affectionate to his children, of a grave countenance, subject at times to melancholy affections. He was long a Ruling Elder in the church; and it is said of him that he was a reprover of folly wherever he went. I remember vet to observe he spent much time in secret devotion. My mother lived till she was above eighty-six years old. I remember well, when but seven or eight years old, to see my father and mother sitting together singing hymns and talking about heaven, which sometimes affected my mind and made me wish to be in that happy place when I would die. I remember frequently to have impressions, when about that age, which would cause me to weep in secret, and I often attempted to pray. I remember to be much affected at the death of my father. When we were weeping at the bedside, when he departed, an aged friend said: "Weep not, children; God will be a Father to you." This expression made a deep impression on my mind, and will never be forgotten. Some days after this, feeling sorrow in my heart, I went to the back of the orchard weeping, and kneeled down, and prayed to God to be my Father; promising that, as I had no earthly father, if He would be my Father, and take care of me, I would be His boy and serve Him forever.

About a year after the death of my father our family moved over the mountains, and settled in what is now Washington County. The place of our residence was equally distant from Chartiers and Upper Buffalo, so that we had the ministry of both the Rev. Joseph Smith and the Rev. John McMillan. In their congregations a revival of religion commenced when I was about twelve years old. I had my feelings awakened, and at times was much concerned about my soul; but obtained no hope of a saving change. I attended religious meetings wherever I could, and spent much time in reading, reading hymns, and secret prayer. After this I became very careless, and continued so, with some partial awakenings, till the spring of the year 1787, when I was eighteen years old, I was awakened to more serious and deep conviction of my lost and undone condition.

An exhortation delivered by Mr. McMillan on the

Monday of a Sacrament was made the means of this conviction. This was in the month of May. This concern of mind remained with me, in greater or less degree, till the beginning of harvest. On a Saturday afternoon I went about ten miles to visit my uncle, Judge Edgar. This was with a view of conversing with him about the concerns of my soul. My brother Samuel was living with him, learning a trade. There were other boys living in the family with whom I was intimate, and for whose salvation I feit concerned. When I came to the house I could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears; but I concealed my feelings, and did not see an opportunity of conversing with him till after worship. While he was at prayer my convictions came upon me with greater power than ever before. I had such a sense of the evil of sin, and the wrath of God, that I could in no wise contain myself, but was obliged to cry out. This was a solemn night in that house. It was a o'clock before any went to bed. The convictions which I felt were different from anything I had ever experienced before. What I felt before was rather pleasing: the more I was distressed, and the more I could weep and pray, the better I felt. But now all appeared to be sin in me, and I lost hope of ever being able to do anything pleasing to God. I felt myself at the door of hell, yet I thought there might be mercy for me if I could but believe in Christ; but I felt unable. I thought it was the Spirit of God that was striving with me, and as I

had often grieved Him before. I believed if He would leave then I was forever lost. I got very little sleep that night. In the morning my uncle took me to the woods, and prayed and talked with me. On our way to the meeting-house, while conversing with a relation, I became so much impressed with a sense of my sin and danger that I was scarcely able to sit on my horse, and was constrained to cry out, and to pray to God to have mercy on me, and beg of those around to pray for me. It was with difficulty I could contain myself during the time of public worship. But, when the minister, Rev. Joseph Smith, spoke to me as the people went out, I could retrain no longer. I spake out and made known my distress, and asked the people of God to pity and pray for me; and told the ungodly to take warning and not grieve the Spirit of God, as I had done. In this conviction it was not so much terror, or the fear of hell, that was my trouble. I had on my mind an awful sense of the greatness and majesty of God, and the infinite evil of sin, and particularly the evil of grieving the Holy Spirit. Although I can not say that I had any right view of the plan of salvation through Christ, yet I had much clearer knowledge of the doctrines of religion than ever before. I had the Larger Catechism by memory, and it astonished me to see how plain those important doctrines were therein stated, and that I had seen so little in them before.

I went home with the Rev. Mr. Smith that night.

My brother James, Mr. Joseph Patterson, and Mr. John Brice were there at that time, studying Divinity. It was a solemn night; my trouble continued. I left them early in the morning; had about five miles to ride home. When about half way there came an awful darkness on my mind. The whole world appeared to be under the curse of God on account of sin, and I could see nothing but wretchedness and misery for mankind. This darkness, I say, was on my mind. I had as rational a view of the things around me as I ever had. I wondered at the goodness of God in letting the sun shine, and so many good things given to such sinners. I was led to reflect on the mediation of Christ. A number of passages of Scripture, relative to the character of Christ as Mediator, came with peculiar force and clearness into my mind. The Scriptures appeared to be the very Word of God. I had never called that matter in question. I had been taught to believe them as divine truth: but now there appeared such majesty and glory in them, and the truth came with such power to my understanding and heart, that I could not doubt of their being the very Word of God.

My mind was taken up in contemplating the amazing love of God in providing a Saviour. But the personal glories of the Redeemer, the suitableness of His offices, His ability and willingness to save, His sufferings and death, His present exalted state at the right hand of the throne of God, filled me with astonishment

and wonder. As my horse moved along the road I began to speak out, saying, Glory, glory to God! why did I not see this in the Scripture before? What have I been doing for seven years past? What is the blinded world doing? Oh, I said I could now go through briars and thorns to tell of the glories of Christ. I thought of my relations and neighbors that had no interest in Christ. I thought I could show them their danger, and the glorious way of escape through Christ.

The impressions made on my mind at this time were so deep that the circumstances I was in—the piece of road traveled over, etc.—are as fresh in my mind as though the scene took place yesterday. As I passed along, thus speaking aloud, I saw a man of my acquaintance standing in the road. He had heard of my distress on the Sabbath. I endeavored to refrain, and we got into conversation, which a little diverted my mind from the view I had. I requested him to go another road, which was as nigh for him. I wished to be alone.

I then reflected on the change that had taken place in my mind. I dreadfully feared a deception. I lifted up my heart in prayer to God that I might not be left in a delusion. I felt composed. The light again by degrees shone into my mind — the plan of salvation appeared plain to my view, infinitely excellent and glorious. I exclaimed: "If I had ten thousand souls I could cheerfully trust them all in that way." I felt a great calm and peace in my mind. With a composed state of

mind I rode home, believing I could contain my feelings till a favorable opportunity, when I would relate the exercise of my mind. My brother Robert's wife was the first I spoke to. I related something of my views to her. But when I saw my Mother, whose prayers and tears for the salvation of her children I long had witnessed, my feelings overcame me. I told her to praise the Lord for the wonders of Redeeming Love, and for the deliverance He had wrought for my soul. I walked out into the cornfield where I had wrought the summer before. Everything appeared new. The glory of God appeared to shine forth in everything around me. From this day, which was the 16th day of July, 1787, I date my conversion to God, when I was eighteen years and three months old. THOMAS EDGAR HUGHES.

This copy I transcribed from my beloved and now deceased father's manuscript, May 23d, 1838. He died in the faith and precious consolations of the Gospel, May 2d, 1838.

John D. Hughes.

From whose manuscript, loaned me by Rev. J. R. Hughes, I have made the foregoing transcript this day — my interest in these Memorials arising, for one thing, from the fact that the author's sister, Mrs. Isabella Hughes Anderson, was my mother's mother.

OSCAR A. HILLS.

CINCINNATI, O., January 24th, 1874.

Note:—In the original manuscript the foregoing narrative is followed by a solemn self-dedication to God, which there is every reason to believe the author signed under circumstances of unusual solemnity and devotion, early in his Christian life, and shortly before he entered upon his college studies. It is dated April 7th, 1792. As, however, it is almost verbatim a copy of one of the forms of self-dedication, recommended for just such use to young converts, by Dr. Doddridge, in the seventeenth chapter of his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," it has not been thought necessary to add it to these Memorials.

A. Justice Medicar, Ottio





